

THIS COMET WILL STRIKE THE EARTH IN THE VICINITY OF WASHINGTON ON MARCH 4, 1893. - New York Press.

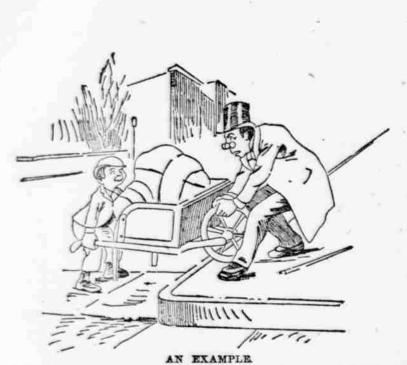


A SONG OF THANKSGIVING .- Life

MRS. MURRAY HILL (in a sentimental mood)—Leaves have their time to fall.
MR. MURRAY HILL—That's just where they differ from the price of gas.—Texas



THE AMERICAN FARMERS' SIGNAL OF DISTRESS .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.



KIND OLD GENTLEMAN (assisting boy to get barrow up the gutter)-I don't see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutters alone.

BRIGHT YOUTH—I don't. Dere's always some jay a-standin' around as takes it up



MAUD MULLER—Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."—New York Telegram.



The earth said to the comet, by the new moon's fitful shine:
"Some people say you're Biela's; fair stranger, pray be mine."—Chicago News Record.

JULY AND OCTOBER.

Oh, What a Difference in Crossing the Ocean in Those Months.

The Worst You Ever Heard About Seasickness More Than True,

BUT THE FINAL RECOVERY IS RAPID

PORTITION FOR THE DISPATCH. From a knowledge born of experience, I am prepared to testify that crossing the Atlantic Ocean in July and recrossing in October may be very different voyages, at least it happened that way with me. And now in great humility of spirit I want to take back, as if I never said, all those pretty speeches in regard to the "joy of an codless sail," the "heavenly delights of life on the ocean wave," etc. Heavenly, ndeed! If there is to be found anywhere

than there is in a few days at sea with old grean in one of his tantrums, I hope my life has not been spared through seasickness to find it. What any of the passengers on the Arizona had ever done wicked enough to deserve the punishment we got is yet to be found out. We were most emphatically in great disfavor with the elements. Every trick of torture known to him was played upon us and the changes rung with variations. The entire scale of misery was thumbed upon our sensibilities from lowest

this footstool more of the "other place"

to highest key and back again. Clouds, min, fog and storm without and general wretchedness within. This was the order of the day for the third week in last month Verily the person who has "The worst is never true" had not been to sea in a gale; had not inocked about in a steamer bunk un-til his sides ached and every bone in his body felt as if broken on the rack; had not reached that stage in both physcal and mental weakness when he would have given his head for a football without resistance; he had not yet experienced that conseless, awful sensation produced by a reless ship so akin to the start and stop an elevator; had not felt the bottom drop at of his stomach and the top fly off his least once every half hour of a serable three days existence; and had

burser Jones send in word to keep on his tots for if the weather changed we should reach New York in five days more! The Worst More Than True. Ab, no! He had not experienced any these casualties in ocean travel or he would have realized that the worst of sessickness is more than true; and that "the half has hever been told," and that one passing through such intolerable sickness does not care to tell the other half-not even though

that one be a woman, so proverbially fond

inllosed New Y-o-r-k almost continuously for the same length of time only to have

But sea-sickness does not kill, that is the worst I know about it. Not even a concerted effort on the part of friends willing to assist it will kill, otherwise I should not now be giving you my experience. Imagine, if you can, having reached a stage in general sretchedness when you wondered how you could ever have found any delight vine, especially in eating; when you hate the sound of the saloon piano, which some one who should be seasick keeps ceaselessly thumping; when the sound of happy woice or sight of smiling faces in to you what the red rag is to a certain infuriated animal, and these things, aggravated by the odor of a one-time deightful beverage, which comes from the coffee room unfortunately too near your the string. This prescription is so old that testure chamber. Imagine these annoyities now moss-covered, but is still being and then imagine an irrepressible spirit-like Comica, who keeps provokingly ell, coming in to tell you how many good things they had for dinner and how she en-

Ah, Comics, all things shall be forgiven you, barring your too, too solid appetits.

Next comes the kind stewardess, who seems only to have pulled you through this far to torture the little remaining life out

of you. The good soul has brought you the bill of fare to whet your appetite, and musically runs over—veal broth, fried halibut, boudins of pheasants, curried calves' head, roast beef and baked potatoes, goose and apple sauce, fowl and sausage, baked ham and sweet sauce, corned beet and vegetables, string beans, stewed Spanish onions—the list is never finished, for by the time she gets that far you probably reach out after something throwable that you intend to hurt when it hits, and the effort is too much for you.

Your Temper Still With You. The only normal element of your composi tion left is your temper, and you give it reign at this point and end by "throwing up things" at the stewardess. It goes without telling, she gets paid in the work you make her, for reading that bill of fare. The musical fiend goes by your room singing "Sailing, Sailing on the Deep Blue Sea." How you want to strangle him. A sailor just out side more appropriately whistles "There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone." You say, "right you are, sailor, and this is one of them." Then you try to find a side to your anatomy not quite worn to the bone upon which you may turn for a few moments rest-and with your face to the wall try to think what ever induced you to cross the ocean. But you can't make it out. There seems now to have been no good or sufficient inducement. You are certain your own country is more beautiful and interesting than any you have suffered this torture to see, and the feeling grows that if the Atlantic ocean was all that separated earth from heaven

you would not be tempted to cross over. Your next idea, which by the way has alternated with every other one you have had during these days, is to try to sleep For one fatal moment you let go of your self, forget to brace your back against the side of the vesel and loose your grip on the excuse of a guard at the front of your berth, the storm-tossed ship takes a header, and so do you. The next moment you are rolling around with broken dishes, shoes, brushes, traveling bags, etc., which litter the floor of your stateroom. Only last night you heard a man thrown out of his berth in the

room opposite.
You had heard oaths, smelled sulphur and seen blue flames directly afterward. You think of that man now and envy him his ability to express himself at a time like this. Too big to cry, not well enough educated to swear effectively and utterly miserable, you now feel sure the future holds nothing that can add to your misfortunes. But how little you know yet of the many

ways in which a sea-sick mortal can be tortured. If your experience is to tally with mine, the irrepressible returns about this time, and with her some recruits from the sick list, and some who like herself have not been sick, and who "would not get sick for anything," "neve in all their lives had such a good time," and "it has been just too sweet for any-thing to see a storm like this," and the Arizona set a "perfectly splendid table," etc., "and the sea air does give one such an appetite," and then if you are really as peppery as I was, you intimate that goats might be able to relish tin cans and door knobs even on sea, but being altogether human you had gotten sick on celery and

## One of the Exasperating Features.

I do wonder why it is everyone persists in talking about something to eat to sea sick people, when it is so well understood that is an unbearable topic at such time. The first question asked you by anyone putting their head in at your door will be "Have you taken anything to eat to-day?" knowing in their souls you have not and cannot. Then, every thing that was ever swallowed by a human from a "little broth" to corned beef and cabbage will be sug-gested for trial. My word for it, beef and cabbage will sound good compared to broth. Of all words in the English, that one at this time is the most hateful to your ears, and you fall to scheming how you can have it stricken from the dictionary.

But consider yourself lucky if some one a little more fiendish than the rest does not suggest that very old remedy, the bacon and it is now moss-covered, but is still being passed around among the sufferers.

Not one will fail to remind you of your lack of amibition in remaining in your berth or fail to urge you to make an effort and get upon deck. Dead tired of contend-

defense you make the effort and go above' but with your teeth clinched upon the re-solve to jump overboard upon the first op-portunity, and end it all. Fascinated Into Forge

But once on deck securely tied to a chair, and in the presence of the grand and mighty storm, you are fascinated into forgetfulness of everything else, even your own wretch-edness. Archbishop Hughes is the one who, so nearly as I know, has the most graphically described a storm at sea. So I refer you to his description.

But for sea-sickness I am sure it is ex-pected that I have a remedy to add to the already endless list, but I have not. That is, not a new one. I can only say the best advice given me, and which I shall strictly follow if ever again caught at sea in a storm, will be, upo the first premonitory symptoms, retire to my berth, lie flat upon my back, take no food for 24 hours, or 24 weeks if necessary, and drink all the champagne I can get. Champagne comes high, but one must have it in sea sickness. It really is one of the most effective remedies and not hard to take, as you probably know. From no other malady can one recover so quickly and completely as from seasickness don't believe it was two bonrs after we had outrun the heavy sea, which had so stirred up the waves and our internal arrangements, and we had been given half a chance to stand on our feet, until every sick man was up sorting out his shoes and every sick woman was out of her berth doing up her back hair. We met where we had parted-at the dinner table-and a nore sheepish looking lot of individuals than we were you have never seen. One stupid person, a man, of course, said some-thing about the late unpleasantness, but he was promptly squelched. No one had been seasick. Some there were who had been suffering from toothache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and a few even owned to having felt a few twinges of gout, but all were subject to such attacks and would have had the same on land, but no one had been seasick.

We were all in shape for the concert that evening, which had been delayed all week on account of the storm, and afterward slept for the first night in eight without

rocking.

Next morning we found ourselves in quarantine, and lost no time getting on deck to once again feast our eyes upon the precious country which during the week we had vowed between gasps never, no never, to quit again. But the vows of the tourist made in seasickness are much like lovers' yows made in wine, and already our misery was so far relieved that every mother's son and daughter of us was ready

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD. THE STAFF OF THE PROPHET.

How a Little Mulatto Boy Came to B Shereef of Morocco.

'earson's Weekiy] A curious story is current in Morocc oncerning the late Shereef. As his father, Mulai el Erbi (who lived to a great age and was reputed to possess miraculous power), lay dying, surrounded by the elders of the Tabians, they begged him to nominate his heir, the eldest son not necessarily succeeding to the Grand Shereefdom, though all of the prophet's blood are Shereefs. But by this time Mulai el Erbi was too feeble to

remember the name of the favorite among his numorous family. He could only reply, "He who playeth with my staff" meaning to indicate by this description one of the children of his age, who was in the habit of riding on his walking-stick. A negro slave woman, whose ear had all the time been at the keyhole, overheard the words, and immediately put the Shereef staff in the hands of a child she

had borne him.

The result was that when the elders came out of the dead man's chamber, they found in the passage a mulatto boy who adswered the description, and, in accordance with the death-bed injunction, educated him as the Grand Shercef and chief of the sect of Mulai Taib.

Such is the Morocco story, and it is per-haps true. It is certain that Mulai Sid Hadj-ebdes-Salsam was a well-marked mulatto, with all the pompous manners and oc-THERE is no larger or better selected stock of diamonds, watches, jeweiry, etc., in this city than you will find at M. G. Coben's, 35 Fifth avenue. Call and examine the stock and prices. It will pay you.

## BICYCLES ELECTRIC

One Devised in England for Which Great Things Are Claimed.

As to the Practicability of the Machine

Until Thoroughly Tested.

THE LATEST ABOUT THE SUBTLE PLUID

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 The electrical bicycle is again cropping up. This time it is in England, and its inventor promises to give the public a machine that can go from the most northerly to the southern extremity of Great Britain without stopping to have its batteries refilled. The weight of the batteries when filled with liquid 1s to be 44 pounds, and the whole weight of the apparatus is to be 155 pounds. The English financial papers also announce that a small company is to be brought out with a capital of \$15,000 for the manufacture of electric cycles. Until, how ever, the practicability of the electric cycle is demonstrated beyond question, the public may be pardoned some degree of incredulity concerning it. The electrical tricycle. which was designed by a well-known electrician in this country some two years ago, failed to reach the practical stage, and al though the storage battery is turned to bet ter account in England than here, the record of English electrical bioveles is not by any means satisfactory. Whether this latest form of bicycle will be an improvement on its predecessors remains to be proved.

An Electrical Irrigation Scheme.

An electrical irrigation scheme on which very large agricultural interests depend has been organized in Idaho. The amount of available water at the Shoshone Falls in in the Snake river is estimated as second only to that of Niagara, and it is constant all the year round. The principal fall is 950 feet wide and 210 feet high, although a second fall increases the total head to 290 feet. An electric plant for the generation of power is to be erected on one side of the river, the conformation of whose banks are specially favorable to the project, as po tunneling will be necessary. The Snake river runs through a canyon of considerable height, and its waters have not hitherto been available for the irrigation of the surrounding valiey lands, the soil o which is extremely fertile. It is propose to carry the current along the river the generating station at the falls to points where the canyon walls are lowest, whence the water can be electrically pumped into irrigating canals and sold to farmers. The rates now prevailing for irrigation are from \$15 to \$40 for bringing the water on the land and an annual rental of \$2 to \$3 per acre. The possibilities of the investment are seen from the estimate that under the existing conditions the expenditure of 5,500 horse power will irrigate 120,000 acres of land. It is proposed to ultimately extend the transmission of power to the Wood river mining country, which will also be electrically lighted.

An Improved Electric Elevator There is a large class of persons to whom the prospect of a ride in an elevator is almost as alarming as the idea of a sea voyage, and even robust people are often rendered absolutely uncomfortable by the jolting and uneven motion of the elevator, as ordinarily ron. The evil may result from either of two causes, the elevator itself, or the elevator boy. A new electric elevator has been put upon the market which promises to banish these sources of which promises to banish these sources of discomfort, by giving a smoothly running car, under perfect control, provided with devices that ensure its safety in any kind of necident; a car that starts gradually and is free from joilting, no matter what the speed may be at the moment of stopping. It is impessible for any elevator boy to turn this car into an instrument of torture, as its stop can be just as perfectly graduated as its start. The

safety precautions are most complete and the car can neither be dragged up into the roof of the shaft nor dashed down at the foot of it. Another great advantage of this electrical elevator is that it can be placed wherever it is most convenient to the purposes of the architect, either in the basement, on the roof, or at some interme SOME GROUND FOR GRAVE DOUBT diste spot. The idea of locating an elevaexisting elevator practice; but it has been found so effective in working that it will soon become customary, especially where there are a nest of elevators operated and where the basement space is more valuable than that which would be occupied by the machine on the roof. Besides the absolute saving in space, this elevator renders other economies possible. In an office building, the ab sence of the noise, odor and heat of a steam pumping plant, and the substitution of this elevator, leaving only a low pressure boiler to heat the building in the winter, would make the basement habitable, and the space thus saved would accommodate one or more good offices. The latest forms of this elevater are a waycar with a capacity of 325 feet per minute with a live load of 2,500 pounds, and an express car, having a ca-

As Applied to Omnibuses.

pacity of 400 feet per minute with a load of 1,800.

The coming appearance of the latest form of the electric "bus" is announced in the London papers. It is to carry 12 people inside and 14 outside, exactly like one of the ordinary type of London 'buses. To each bus will be allowed three sets of accumulators, in which the electrical energy will be stored. The running of these 'buses is in the hands of a power storage company, which undertakes to run electric cars for any railroad company for 66 per cent of the gross takings, leaving the remaining 34 per cent to pay directors' fees, secretarial and office expenses, rent of buildings and capital charged. It is this company which supplies the electric 'buses with accumulators. One set consists of 68 cells, each weighing about 50 pounds, bringing up the total weight of the new 'bus ready for running to rather more than 3½ tons, as compared with the heaviest horse 'bus, 34 hundred weight, and the lightest, 28 hundred weight. The store of energy to be supplied at one The store of energy to be supplied at one charging will suffice for a trip of 14 miles.

The calculations as to working appear to give prospect of the present low rate of fares on the lines operated being main-tained. On the basis that one line of 'buses consists of 25, with five spare vehicles in the yard, and reckoning each 'bus to com-plete six 14-mile journe's daily, the total cost per mile, including maintenance, would be 6 cents, as compared with 10 cents per mile for horse traction. In other words, each electric bus is estimated to mean saving to the proprietors of \$20 a week, or say \$1,000 per annum. Beyond this the ratepayers are looking to be the gainers by running wheels for the eight hoofs of a pai of horses, giving at each step a sledge-hammer blow upon the asphalt, wood or manadam, with ruinous effects.

Advance of the Electric Railway.

The statistics of electric railways are expanding at a prodigious rate. Electricity is now running about 500 street railroads in the United States and Canada, a gain of nearly 200 in two years, and fully equal to one-half the total street railway systems of America. The investment in these roads has passed the \$200,000,000 mark, but gives no signs of falling off to a lower rate of increase. The magnitude of the increase may be seen from the fact that only in February 1891, the investment was estimated at \$50. 000,000, and even in 1887, there were only 13 electric roads working throughout the entire country.

Rich Ore Mines in Tasmania The richness of the ores found in Tasmania is marvelous. Recently some Zeehan chloride was twice tested by private analyses and found to assay nearly 20,000 ounces of silver to the ton. The accuracy of these tests being doubted, two spec.mens for trial in his laboratory, with the that in both samples he found over 20,000

Mn. Bord Navin, of the firm of Boyd & Wood street, returned from New York on Toseday, whither he had been on aft mat-ters connected with his firm. We may look for the larges and best etchings and are novelties as a result of his trip.

ounces to the ton.

The Little Lord of Fiction as He Appears at High School.

NO MORE OF THE LONG CURLS.

And the Lad Is Decidedly Popular With His

Young Companions.

IN MANY RESPECTS STILL A MODEL

It is only a few years since the appear ance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and yet, wherever boys and girls read, he is known and loved, and, with his sweet sister, "Sarah Crewe," is the delight alike of

young and old. To the many to whom these two great stories, it may be interesting to form the acquaintance of the original "little lord" as he now appears, a high-school boy. He is not at all reserved, and you need not fear he will repel your advances. You will find him, too, so modest that if you did not know you would never learn by any utterance of his own his identity. He does not like to acknowledge that he is the original "Fauntleroy," because he thinks it seems like arrogating to himself all the beautiful traits of the character, and yet, as your acquaintance with him deepens, you find that he is possessed of many of those same traits,

frankness.

He is a universal favorite, for, as one of his young friends expresses it, "He is so chummy;" and yet, for all his popularity let me whisper it quietly—he is not spoiled. No boy could be more unassuming or more deferential to his superiors.

the same innate manliness, quaint in its

An End to the Curls.

Of course the flowing curls with which you have always pictured him have long since disappeared from the well-formed head, and the hair itself, although once golden, is now quite dark; but his eyes are still the same—large, brown and expres-sive. Owing to the misstatements of the press at the time of the sickness and recent sad death of his loved and only brothe Lionel, the impression seems to prevail that the original of the character is no longer living: but it is all a mistake. Just m how far Vivian is the original, and how it is that the world is indebted to him that the incomparable story was written at all, I shall tell a little further along; meanwhile some characteristics of his school life. In study hall he is himself a study. As

his face bends over his work you are in-voluntarily reminded of the earnest boy who used to lie on the hearth rug in "Mrs. Errol's" little parlor reading aloud to his mamma. He has most likely selected some corner nook, and there, buried in his book or busy with his writing, he remains un-noting and unnoticed until the hour has expired. It is interesting to watch him write. He is possibly preparing an essay in his English work, the branch in which he specially delights. Watch his chubby hand—a good, boyish hand, with the genuine soil and stain upon it—as it glides over the tablet before him; line after line, page after page: consulting your and than the page after page; consulting now and then the book on his desk for a fact, he scarcely pauses to look up until the whirr of the electric bell announces the signal for the sections to

Sorrow for His Brother. The relations of the two brothers were most beautiful, and the loss of the one is to

most beautiful, and the loss of the one is to the other a lifelong sorrow. One sad sentence in a presses it: "We had expected it a org me, but I cannot get used to it, we real ways together."

Of the presty picture the little fellows used to make in their long curls and Fauntleroy costume, as hey played as children before the home of Dr. and Mrs. Burnett, more than one resident of Washington can speak. Either of them might have been a veritable "Little Lord Fauntleroy" stepped from out ore of those pictures so ismiliar to us all. The custume they were when later they went to school sometimes proved a source of grief to them, for the street urchins would pull at their dress and in other ways annoy them; but the brothers, small a they were always

valiantly defended themselves, some-times much to the amusement of lookers-on, who still relate the incidents. Both were like most other lads and enjoyed climbing on earth carts and passing wagons quite as much as the average small

boy. Of course they were often mischiev ous; and Vivian, it has been insinuated was even sometimes known as a "terror"— something, indeed, he is very far from being

> As has been intimated, he finds great pleasure in the association of his young friends. He forms one of a set of four who call themselves "The Committee." The "Committee," although friendly to all the boys, is somewhat exclusive, and does not like to have its inner circle intruded upon except at regulation times. The mem ber of the "Committee" are his intimates, with

whom, to use his expression, "I quarrel and make up, just like my brother." A Talent for Invention.

He is thoroughly American, has something of a talent for invention, and already has a share in one or two patents which, for a boy of 16, is saying considerable. It is To the many to whom these two great his object to invent something or do some-children's classics have become household thing that will make the world better-a worthy ambition for any boy! He is also interested in photography, and as an amateur has had quite an experience. His latest venture is in the line of printing. He has a fine outfit, and there will soon be issued from his press, in book form, one of his mother's recent productions, which late-ly appeared in Scribner's Magazine under the title of "The Drury Lane Boys' Club," an account of an institution for newsboys founded by Mrs. Burnett in London during her late sojourn abroad as a memorial to her son, Lionel. His chums are his assistant printers, and a busy time they have

been having of it on Saturdays and out of ool hours. Being conscientious about it, his school work keeps him pretty constantly employed.
Dr. Burnett says of his son, that he 'has
the knack of sticking to a thing," and when
deep in his Latin in vain for him may the deep in his Latin in vain for him may the boys outside whistle and his chums ring the door hell. He is oblivious of it all until the lesson is finished. He has a great liking for language studies, and is already quite proficient in French. He is particularly fond of studies in literature and of history, at he has a decided average. but he has a decided aversion to mathe-matics. He has a great taste for the an-tique, old and rare books being a specialty, ane he knows how to appreciate the value of a junk shop in searching for treasures in this line.

An Appreciation of the Beautiful.

He is a good pianist, and has a fine ap-preciation of the beautiful. It is deligntful to see his enjoyment of nature in a bit of seenery-a waterfall or the quiet river-not only enjoying it, but analyzing it, noting curious effects, and seeking to share his pleasure with yourself. He likes to analyze his moods and feelings. I have seldom seen a boy more happy than when, at the end of a school year, with the removal of its strain, he found himself promoted without a single condition. It was just like him to try to analyze his pleasure to discover why he was

Illustrated From His Photograph, But I think I hear you asking: "Just in how far is he the original of 'Fauntleroy?" Let the "Little Lord" speak for himself. The account is not long, and, in his own

words, is about as follows:
"When I was about 7 I said one day 'Momma, it is a long time since you have written a good story for children: won't you write one?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I will tell you about a little lord.' She told me some of it. Afterward she wrote it, adding much more to it. She read a good deal of it to me, the world has me to thank for that story. The wonderful story was not written in a day, however; several months elapsed be-

fore Mrs. Burnett allowed it to pass from her hands to the public. The illustrations were taken from Vivian's own photograph, and represent him exactly

as he appeared at that age. He will still show you the drawing of himself from which the engraving was made which represents "Fauntieroy" standing beside the big dog. This is about the extent to which Vivian

will admit his originality of the character; but I think the gifted lady, his mother, but I think the gifted lady, his mother, would tell you that, while the story is purely a creation, she in it portrayed the beautiful ingenuousness and simple goodness of heart of her boy—a simplicity of goodness which is still his, and which exhibits itself in many ways.

W. EDWIN PRIMER,

Central High School, Washington.

## ATLANTIC CITY FIRST

in At Least One Feature, According to the Census Returns.

THE PEOPLE'S SEASIDE RESORT

Averages More Saloons Than Any Other Place in the Country.

THE ODDITIES OF THE ENUMERATION

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.1 WASHINGTON, Nov. 26 .- The pop-camera has played an important part in the taking of the eleventh census. Thanks to it, the volumes comprising results will be a series of most entertaining picture-books, filled with pictures of everything that is susceptible of being pictured. An entirely new feature of the work, never before attempted, has consisted in preparing descriptive reports on the savage peoples of the United States and Alaska. These are exhaustive ethnologic treatises, profusely adorned with places illustrating the manners and customs of the races discussed. The quarto on,

of scenes in the bowels of the earth. The most picturesque feature of the census picture books will be that portion which relates to the natives of Alaska. In the region drained by the Kuskakwim river and its tributaries numerous villages exist in a purely aboriginal condition, and thousands of people beheld in the official enumerator the first white man they had ever seen. That gentleman, while ascending the Kus-kakwim river, subsisted chiefly on the eggs of wild fowl, which he purchased with

mines and mining, which is the only one as

vet issued, contains many flash-light views

needles. Needles Are Negotiable. Needles are a negotiable medium in that

ountry, and he carried a supply of them in his waistcoat nocket. On one occasion, while passing through a swamp, the natives who paddled his boat robbed the nest of a mallard duck of its eggs. For a joke, the enumerator dropped three needles into the nest as if in payment. Taking the matter quite seriously, the natives spread through all that district the report that there was a man so anxious to trade that he paid ducks for their eggs, and the news was carried for hundreds of miles, causing the census agent

a good deal of trouble and annoyance.

These Eskime of the Kuskakwim are extravagantly fond of tobacco, in the use of which they are obliged to exercise a remarkable economy, owing to its rarity with them. On this account the tobacco is mixed with a large proportion of wood ashes, and the quid for chewing is passed from mouth to mouth in a social way. When not in use, the quid is usually placed behind the owner's ear. Tobacco in so pure a condition as this is considered too good for the women, and they are only too happy to receive the used-up quids. These they dry, powdering them and mixing them with wood ashes so as to make a souff, to the use of which they are greatly addicted. Even figures are sometimes picturesque.

Those put together by the Census Bureau
seem to indicate that the people of Chicago
are cleaner than those of New York, inasmuch as the average person in the Windy City uses 91 gallons of water daily, whereas the consumption of the same fluid on Man-hattan Island is only 74 gallons per capita. Use Plenty of Water.

Philadelphia ought to be called the City of Fountains. It has 646 of them, Balti-more coming next with 137 and Boston third with 74. The water supply of Milwaukee is largely consumed in the shape of beer. It may be presumed that the people of Milwaukee drink more beer per capita than those of any other town, inasmuch as the beer gardens of the city have seating capseity for more than one-half of the popula-tion. The town which can boast of having the greatest number of saloons in propor-tion to its inhabitants is Atlantic City, N. J. It possesses 15 such resorts for every 1,000 people. Butte City, Mont., which long held the reputation of being the wickedest town in the United States, has only 13 salcons per 1,000. Chicago has more dogs than any other city in this country, licensing 17,000 of these animals annually at 20 each.